

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT,
OF Marion.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
CAPT. JAMES R. HINDMAN,
OF Ashland.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
P. H. HARRIS,
OF Mercer.

FOR JUDGE,
FAUSTUS HENNETT,
OF Harlan.

FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,
JAMES H. TATE,
OF Franklin.

FOR CLERK OF LAND OFFICE,
JOHN G. CECIL,
OF Pike.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
JOS. DESHA PICKETT,
OF Fayette.

FOR STATE SENATE, DISTRICT NO. 1,
MAJ. F. D. RICHIE,
OF Casey.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT NO. 1,
JUDGE T. P. HILL, JR.,
OF Boone.

AGAIN and for the last time during this canvass, we call upon the democracy to awake to the importance of the election which occurs next Monday. It is not simply a question of electing our ticket, for no one doubts that the gentlemen composing it will fill the offices to which they aspire for the next four years, but it is a question of majority. Blackburn was elected by 43,917 majority four years ago and a single vote less in Knott's majority will be hailed by the republicans as a gain for their party. The brothers-in-law, Morrow and Bradley, claim that they will reduce our majority 20,000, which, should they by the apathy of democrats be able to do, will be a big feather in their caps for Federal promotion; their sole reason for making the fight. The democracy in other States that have hitherto been regarded as hopelessly republican has asserted itself in recent elections and with the glorious tide that seems to be sweeping on to a national democratic victory in 1884, Kentucky democrats ought to pride themselves in adding strength to the wave. By doing her full duty she will give encouragement to the party in other States, which are to vote after her, and her influence will be felt all over the Union. We can just as easily give 60,000 majority as 20,000, and we trust that every democrat will see to it that it reaches these figures. Our ticket is as far superior, with perhaps a single exception, to the republican ticket, as the sun is above the moon in shedding light, and we can not afford to give it a reduced majority. The "hellabellows" raised about the mismanagement of the State finances has been proven to be a miserable pretence of the enemy, who can present no good reason under the sun why any body should vote for them. Again we appeal to every democrat to fall into line and vote the straight ticket which heads this column.

The most despicable of mankind is he who makes a common cause with his fellows in crime, and when detected, gives them away to save his own worthless neck. All classes of men feel a loathing for such cattle and when they get their deserts either through Judge Lynch's court or by the hand of an avenger, there is satisfaction felt, if not expressed, by every body. This feeling will be more general in the case of James Carey, the Irish informer, than usual. He entered into a devilish plot with a number of men for the Phoenix Park assassination, and when arrested turned State's evidence against them. A half a dozen of his accomplices have been hung on his testimony and the English government knowing that he could not live in safety where the Fenians could get a chance at him, had provided for his removal to South Africa. But just as he was stepping ashore at his destination, a man named O'Donnell, with a well directed shot, ended his infamous career. The slayer was arrested and will probably be hung, but he will die conscious of the fact that his memory will ever be revered by the Fenians.

The Louisville Commercial is disappointed in the looks of President Arthur. It says, "He is a handsome man, with a pleasing face and of commanding appearance, but the florid face, large retreating nose, retreating chin, weak mouth and flabby cheeks are by no means marks of beauty." We would never imagine from the wood cuts that have been palmed off on the public that he was ever a handsome man, nor do we see how he can be with the latter qualification of the description.

The republican papers, in view of the strike, are discussing the expediency of a government or postal telegraph and urging its adoption. Of course they are for anything that will increase and centralize the power of the Federal government and open up more big jobs for the favored thieves.

The Louisville Exposition was opened at noon Wednesday and the great machinery set in motion by President Arthur. Thousands of people were present but the Exposition wasn't the grandest ever seen in the South. The Louisville people, according to the Courier-Journal, inserted the little pot in the big one and every body vied with every body else in being the biggest today. The paper named has, as in the visit of Hayes and later of Grant, gone off into hysterical rhapsodies, but not to the disgusting extent as in the other cases. The President is accompanied by Secretaries Cressham, Lincoln, Folger and was met in Louisville by Gen. Sheridan. All along their trip through Kentucky, the people made high demonstrations in their honor, and at Lexington Gov. Blackburn in a set speech welcomed them to the Commonwealth of Kentucky. It seems strange that all this ado should be made over a man that, a few years ago was dismissed by Secretary Sherman from the Collectorship of New York because of gross mismanagement of the office, but nothing succeeds like success and Arthur having by a dispendious of providence succeeded in reaching the highest office in the land, his past sins are forgotten and forgiven and nothing is too good nor too servile for the people to do for him.

Gen. Watt Hardin in his speech at Mayfield, Ky., proved by the Auditor's report that one single judicial district, presided over by a republican judge and Commonwealth's attorney, had drawn more money from the treasury in the matter of costs in criminal prosecutions, witness, fees, and idiots' examining courts, than any other five judicial districts in the State, yet the republicans are awfully exercised over the alleged extravagance of democratic rule. [Nashville Echo.]

JUDGE HARGIS announces in a card his withdrawal from the Appellate race to succeed himself, because he can make more money by a law partnership in Frankfort and Louisville, and because he thinks the duties of his office could be better administered by one who has had less obstacles thrown in his way than he. Judge Hargis is an exceedingly bright man and a good judge of law, but we agree with him that it is best for him to retire to private life.

We believe now, as we believed at the time, that the Republican campaign of 1880 was one of the blackest, most corrupt and desperate conspiracies of the century. If new light can be thrown upon the details, history demands the revelation, and the testimony of the man who turned people's evidence become valuable, like all evidence of that kind, only as it harmonizes with and strengthens facts already known. [Boston Post.]

The democrats of Pennsylvania are for adjusting the tariff so as to prevent unequal burdens for encouraging productive industries, but not to create or foster monopolies. As Ohio, Virginia and Pennsylvania have spoken, so speak we all.

The voice of neither Hewitt, Pickett nor Tato has been heard in the land since their nomination. But it is perhaps better that they have laid low. They might have injured the cause more by speaking than holding their peace.

EMMETT LOGAN has at last struck the eternal fitness of his existence. He is editing the Dutch column of the Cincinnati News Journal with marked ability.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The decrease of the National debt last month was but \$7,900,000.

—Mrs. Betsey Burton, aged 99 years, lacking 10 days, died in Adair, this week.

—The Madison county republicans have nominated James Herndon for the Legislature but he'll never see the promised land.

—The interest in the telegraph strike is subsiding, owing to the fact that the companies are dispatching business as usual.

—James T. Manrich, a Clayton, Ga., school teacher, while chastising a scholar was perhaps fatally stabbed by some of his comrades.

—The Island of Ischia on the coast of Italy, has been visited by an earthquake, which destroyed the town of Casamicciola and killed one thousand persons.

—Neal's trial commences at Grayson next Tuesday and the Circuit Judge has called on the Governor for troops to protect him. Two companies only will be sent, the Clark county Rifles and the Cerro Gordo Guards.

—A steam thrasher belonging to Mr. Jo E. Collins and Mr. Vard Hall went to St. Rose, near Springfield, to thresh the crop of wheat belonging to the monastery. While so engaged, a spark from the smokestack of the engine started a fire which burned up 300 bushels of wheat and all the combustible parts of the thrasher. [Standard.]

—Just before the death of Jonathan Arnold, the wealthiest man in West Virginia, a reconciliation was effected with his wife, a sister of Stonewall Jackson, from whom he separated during the war. Years ago the wife was allowed alimony to the sum of \$1,000 a year, but the Court refused Arnold's suit for divorce. Mrs. Arnold was a strong Union woman during the war.

—The Cincinnati Southern has contracted for fifty five new passenger cars.

—Gov. Blackburn proved himself a blundering idiot, by going in Cincinnati in a special car to meet the Rev. Mr. Talmage. While we are in favor of treating all distinguished guests with all courtesy due to them, we most heartily condemn this flunkey hero-worship business. There are just as good and just as smart preachers in this State as Talmage. [Boston News.]

BRO. BARNES IN SCOTLAND.

"PRAISE THE LORD"

EDINBURGH HOUSE,
DALKETH, SCOTLAND, July 10th, 1883.

"Barnett's Close" is where the meetings are held. A "close" in Scotland is a narrow alley, or lane, with its own entrance, as Barnett's is, by a low archway built under houses, so that there is no break in the continuity of the frontage. Up this close we pass for 20 steps or so, over sloping cobblestones, where open doors and untidy flights of steps lead to greater untidiness in comfortable rooms above. Here, as in scores of places of the same sort, the poor, who have no means of faring better, swarm and fester in filth and discomfort. The Tods have taken an old shell of stone walls, knocked out a floor and made a neat chapel that will hold 120 or 130 people and here, after patient, painstaking visitation, gathered a Sunday-school of over 100 children and hold regular religious services. Brother Willie, the youngest of the brothers, is the head of this enterprise and keeps it up regularly, tho' in active business with his father. The influence of this little mission is felt throughout all that end of Dalketh and many reclaimed souls bless the day it was opened.

Thursday the 5th we rode out 30 miles by rail to visit Abbotsford and Melrose Abbeys, that lie conveniently within a few miles of each other. Bro. John, our ever attentive chaplain, arranged all the preliminaries and we were off by 10 o'clock to "make a day of it." We passed on the way, seeing them from the car windows, both Creighton and Borthwick Castles, picturesque ruins in romantic situations. The latter of the two is where Mary Queen of Scots—the pitiful type of loveliness, misfortune and perhaps crime combined—passed her honeymoon after her marriage with Bothwell. This fascinating woman has thrown a glamour of romance over every thing she came in contact with and her tragic death has so conformed her possible crimes, that there remains only room for pity. I will not say in a Scotchman's heart, but in even that of the casual tourist as he stumbles at every step over some memorial of the ill-starred lady. In less than an hour we landed at Melrose Station, took cab and were whirled over a picturesque road, 3 1/2 miles, to the famous residence of Sir Walter Scott. I rode on the box with the red-haired ladie that drove us, pumping him in plain English and getting answers in such broad Scotch that I was once and again at loss to understand, as I often am in my intercourse with these sons of Jacob, though where these particular tribes picked up their lingo, I "dinna ken."

The country through which we passed on our way to Abbotsford is very like the lovely lands around Mt. Sterling, Ky., with many dry stone dykes, or rock fences, to increase the likeness and make the landscape more homelike, Abbotsford of course pertains to a stream and this ford was in the river Tweed that flows in front of the beautiful premises, with a few hundred yards of lovely, sloping park intervening. The view of this from the drawing-room windows, with the rolling country beyond, is charming. It lies on a hillside, with the public road approach from the back. A high wall, covered with several varieties of ivy, screens the rear premises. We left our cab on the highway and descended to the mansion on foot. Following the path between a wall on one side and an iron railing on the other, the first object that meets the eye is a kneeling stone figure, life size, with hands and feet unfinished by the sculptor, but the pose very impressive, representing the executioner who betrayed Rob Roy and was about to be pitched, bound, into the lake by the command of Helen McGregor, suing on his knees for mercy. He did not get it, but died for his treachery. In an ante-room, where the visitors' book lies on a table at the side, and a good-sized dinner bell on another, which tourists ring to call the attendant, we waited our turn for about 15 minutes. This gave us ample time to inspect the apartment, which was hung with wood end grainings, nearly every one representing a battle scene. There were perhaps 20 or 30 of these in small gilt frames, just as Sir Walter left them. By and by a little side door opened and a small party of pilgrims came out, headed by a young man who looked at us with an air of languid weariness, which was not assumed, poor fellow, I am sure. Such a life would put me in the lunatic asylum pretty soon. This young man was a cockney, too, of all persons in the world to show the life collections of such a thorough Scotchman as Sir Walter Scott. The properties demanded a Highlander in full costume, at least. The bones of the dead author must have rattled in their coffin if he heard our guide, as he said, "This, gentlemen, is a hebrony cast presented to Sir Walter by George IV. This baggy-shaped snuff-box was a gift from the Duke of Wellington," etc., etc., to match. But this waltzing attendant was the only disappointment of the Abbotsford visit. He wielded a stick like a large walking-cane, as he explained the shilling's worth that each tourist pays for the privilege of going over Abbotsford. He seemed to aim at strict justice in the matter, without affecting generosity; and even with that wearied, protesting air, as if we had done him a personal injury when we rang his dinner bell with that great bell. He led us by a short flight of winding stairs (narrow stone and plain) at once to Sir Walter's private rooms, where he wrote his immortal works. His well-worn leather chair was firmly tied to the desk where he wrote, lest too many should wear it out by sitting down in it. It is a very "easy chair," to look at, and few could resist the temptation to sit where the good

baronet once penned the books that have delighted us all.

A small writing-desk, like other portable cases, built of the wood from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, sits on the top of the large escritoire that occupies the middle of the room. Tiers of old books fill the shelves and the upper rows reached by a gallery that runs around three sides of the room and from the end of which Sir Walter could reach his bedroom. In a small turret room just off the writing room, a bronze cast—copy of plaster cast taken after death—lies on a table; the face and end of the carving. Out of this writing room, filled with rare and curious things, and most of them presents from distinguished people, we were led into the handsome library and thence into a spacious and airy drawing-room, both containing the elegant front view looking toward the Tweed; and both crowded with curious and costly things—again nearly all presents from the great ones of earth. The Pope of Rome heads the many with two superb arm chairs cunningly carved from rare and costly woods. George IV follows with the "hebrony" cabinet, a wonder of wood carving and finish. The Duke of Wellington had sent the writing-case and pen-holders of crimson and gold captured at Waterloo in Napoleon's traveling carriage, while other Dukes and Marquises and Lord this and that had at various times sent in rare and magnificent offerings to this son of genius who had so charmed the world with his facile pen. A list of all would read like a catalogue to a museum. And really Abbotsford is that, tho' something far more, of course. The next room runs back and front, a narrow apartment, more like a hall than a room, but filled with curiosities, chiefly weapons, among which Rob Roy's shield of bull's hide, round and studded with brass points, and his long gun, figure conspicuously. The poet, perhaps, was thinking of Rob's shield when he described Rhoderick Dhu's, "Whose broken shield and tough butt's hide, His death so often turned aside."

But death so often turned aside. The most touching article in the whole collection was the crucifix of mother-of-pearl (about 10 inches in length and the upright and cross-beam an inch in breadth) which poor Mary Queen of Scots held in her hand when the fatal axe severed the fair head from the body. Among Sir Walter's pictures is an oil portrait of the Queen, that alone, of all the scores of pictures I have seen in different London galleries, explains the secret of the overpowering fascination of her presence. It is a face of loveliness unsurpassed. A ghastly companion to it is another picture in oil of the unhappy lady, taken the day after she was beheaded. The face will haunt me for many a day.

Through the "Armory" proper, an apartment larger than the drawing-room, where hang in duly labelled order, wondrous specimens of implements of attack and defense belonging to Scots of the olden time, showing what an indefatigable collector Sir Walter was; and how all his thoughts were bent in the direction of those warlike days; and how he lived in a very atmosphere of tournaments and single combat and castles besieged and defended; so that to describe them as he has done, was simply to open his mouth and dictate, without any threat of mental effort, to an amanuensis, until the excited writer, carried away by the thrilling tide of narrative, as he related, could ill-brook even a moment's delay in the heroic story, but said impatiently, "No, Sir Walter, get on a little faster, till we get out of this." To whom the wizard of romantic story smilingly gave answer: "Softly, Sandy, softly; remember I have to make this a go."

We left Abbotsford with more than our skillings' worth, though the young man did not aim to give us more. A loving admiration of the gentle baronet, whose genius had beguiled so many hours of boyhood and manhood, did, what our guide could not do—make the dumb things in every room speak in a voice that could not be misunderstood nor forgotten. Per obsequium! O, rare Sir Walter!

Melrose Abbey is described minutely in all the guide books and I may not attempt here what would simply be a matter of wearisome detail to those who have not seen it and can not see it through description, however laconic or minute. A ruin is the most interesting of things. Ivy is its typical covering and who can describe Ivy? Dickens has done it best in "Ivy Green" and he has failed. "What can the man do that cometh after the King?" I can only say we were charmed with one of the most charming ruins in this modern land of ancient relics. A delightful ride home furnished the memorable visit.

In conclusion, let me notice a remembrance just received from a good sister, who objects to my Rotten Row letter and to my account of our bill-of-fare and the prices of provisions in the London market, and tells me that if I can not write something about the meetings I ought to write pastoral letters of advice and instruction and let the rest go. I will profit by the sister's advice and begin right now. My theme shall be suggested by this letter and the subject matter confined to four brief heads:

The Theme: *Unconscious selfishness*. Ist. Do you not know, my sister, that there are a great many readers of the INTERIOR JOURNAL? Ask yourself how many of these would stand a homily—semi-weekly or even weekly? Do you not see that to get in religion, at all, in a purely secular and political paper, you will "kill the goose that lays the golden egg" if you demand too much? "To the Jew Paul became a Jew, that he might gain the Jew," etc., etc. But you refuse to let me become a horseman, or a housekeeper, that I may sin housekeepers. You selfishly require me to minister to your wants, who are already saved, while the great unaved outside are to have nothing given to them that they relish and through which they may be induced to read another communication that may save them. My sister, I pray you, be aware of this "unconscious selfishness," that you have mistaken for a "humane" and "thriving after righteousness."

2. How much of the INTERIOR JOURNAL do you read? Ans: "I throw it away when I read your letters and only take it in order to get them." Thank you! That is quite complimentary to me; but

you confess that you take not the least interest in what hundreds if not thousands of other readers of the paper devour eagerly. And yet you demand that they should be interested in a weekly tract that half of them would pass over without reading, if they knew that nothing else could be found in the "Foreign Correspondence." Again "unconscious selfishness" comes to the surface.

3. I am trying to make these frequent letters just what a familiar conversation would be if I could see those I have after a long absence. Just allow me to write, my sister, as I would talk, not at a meeting, but seated at your fireside, with your children around, who certainly would be bored if I said nothing but what you wished to be enlightened on, touching scripture. If you want that, you have my first volume, "Told's Love Story," to be followed in due order by three others, if needed. But do recognize that there are others in the world less spiritual minded than your self, who have to be attended to, or you will soon allow "unconscious selfishness" to rule you and with a rod of iron in other things, when the consequences will be serious.

4. And finally, my sister, ponder the meaning contained in that old proverb of this good land of Scotland: "It's na weel to be lookin' a gift horse in the mouth," with which I conclude this homily and letter. Ever in Jesus, Geo. O. BARNES.

Garrard County

DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WEST, Editor.

LANCASTER.

—Judge M. H. Owsley has an appointment to speak at this place next Saturday night. The Judge has been unable to fill some of the appointments that were made for him through the State, because of indisposition.

—By the change of the schedule of trains on the K. C. railroad the 12 o'clock mail train is running on time again. The K. C. should run its regular day passenger train from Stanford Junction, and not stop at Richmond.

—It is the duty of every democrat in Garrard county to go to the polls next Monday and vote for the whole democratic ticket. This is a duty they owe to themselves, to their party and to their country. If you believe the principles of your party, to be right it is unquestionably your duty to vote for the man who represents these principles, whether he is your personal choice or not. Let every democrat come up and vote the whole ticket and the county is ours.

—Col. T. Z. Morrow, republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky, spoke at the Court-house Wednesday. The Colonel made the same speech that he has been making throughout the State, charging mismanagement on the part of democratic officials in the management of the State finances. Admitting what he said to be correct, he failed to show wherein the people would be benefited if republican officers should be elected. Taking republican counties and the 15th Judicial district (the only republican Judicial district in the State), as a sample, the financial condition of the State would be in a miserable condition at the end of four years of republican rule. The people, however, are not disposed, by about 50,000 majority to make the experiment. After the conclusion of Col. Morrow's speech there was a faint call for Boone, and that gentleman appeared on the rostrum, making a conspicuous show of eye-glasses and mustache, and shot off his "Bazzoo" for about 7 1/2 minutes, but failed to create any enthusiasm. Boone's goose is already cooked.

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Physicians are often startled by remarkable discoveries. The fact that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and all Throat and Lung diseases is daily curing patients that they have given up to die, is startling them in realizing their power of duty and exulting in the results of this wonderful discovery; resulting in hundreds of our best physicians using it in their practice. Trial bottles free, regular size \$1, at Penny & McCallister's Drug Store.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. [134-137]

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We run two houses, carry the largest stock in town; pay cash for our goods, which enables us to sell you cheaper than any one. All we ask is a trial.
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We will sell you anything in Summer Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes at and below cost to reduce stock.

Don't Forget These Prices!
Suits, now \$5, \$7, \$9, \$10, \$12.50
was 7, 10, 12, 14, 17.50
Shoes, now 75c, 1, 1.50, 2,
was \$1, 1.50, 2, 2.75
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was 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2

Children's Shoes and Slippers accordingly.
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PREPARE!

—BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, FOR—

FALL SEEDING!

And be sure you examine, before purchasing, our line of Seeding Implements, as follows:

The Baker Spring Hoe
Grain Drill,

The Trump Grain Drill
with Spring Seat,

The Buckeye Spring Shoe
Grain Drill,

The Star One-horse Grain
Drill,

The Albion Spring Sulky
Harrow and Broad-

cast Seeder,

The Kalamazoo Spring
Tooth Sulky Harrow

and Broadcast Seeder,

The Moline Sulkey Plow,

The Cassedy Sulky
Plow.

This line of Implements cannot be excelled.

Also remember we make a Specialty of Fish Brothers Wagons, Webster Wagons and Columbus Buggies and Carriages, of which my stock is always full and complete.

GEO. D. WEAREN,

A Dangerous Assertion.

"I object to that man," exclaimed a lawyer during the selection of a jury.

"Why do you object?" asked the judge.

"Because I saw him reading a newspaper."

"Mr. Jones have you been reading a newspaper? State facts, sir."

"No, sir."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Didn't I see you reading a newspaper this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Judge put him under oath: I've been reading some time to send a man to the penitentiary for lying and I think my chance has come."

"All right, judge," replied the man, "put the lawyer under oath for I have hankered for many years for a chance to catch a lawyer in a lie, and I think that the sun is now, shining on that day."

The two men were placed under oath.

"Now, judge," said the man, "let me put my question first. You need me sitting over there on that bench this morning, didn't you?" turning to the lawyer.

"Yes, sir; go on."

"What was I doing?"

"Reading a newspaper, the Nuttville Herald."

"All right," continued the objectionable juror, "turn on your screws."

"Didn't I see you sitting on that bench this morning?"

"You must have seen me, for I was there."

"Didn't I see you reading a newspaper?"

"No, sir."

"Judge, exclaimed the lawyer, 'he has perjured himself, for I did see him reading a paper.'

"Hold on," said the man. "I claim that this lawyer has perjured himself. This morning I got a newspaper, cause I know that if I was found with it the lawyer would let me off so I can go fishin', I got on the bench holdin' up the paper when this lawyer came along."

"That's what I say," exclaimed the lawyer.

"An' that's what I don't deny. You said I was readin' it, and I wasn't. I can prove by all my neighbors that I can't read. I wouldn't know my own name if it was in print as big as one of those houses. Now, judge, he swore that I was readin' and I claim that he has perjured himself and oughter go to the penitentiary."

"Colonel," said the judge, addressing the lawyer, "it is scarcely necessary for you to plead guilty as the facts are so plain; therefore I am, under the law, compelled to sentence you to the penitentiary for three years."—[Arkansas Traveler.

Facts and Figures.

Statistics show that the annual consumption of eggs in the United States is about 10,600,000 barrels.

An alligator 14 feet long and weighing 600 pounds was killed near Walke, Fla.

The highest lake in the world is Green Lake in Colorado. Its surface is 10,255 feet above the level of the sea.

The traveling expenses of 100,000 drummers employed by the merchants of the United States are \$220,000,000 a year exclusive of salaries.

A census agent estimates that 7,000,000 people are interested in the United States fisheries, and that the annual product is worth about \$100,000,000.

The greatest length of the United States from east to west is 2,800 miles; greatest breadth from north to south, 1,800 miles; average breadth, 1,200 miles.

A Philadelphia woman was poisoned by holding a cent in her mouth while hunting street car change, and one in Chicago was similarly afflicted while holding a street car ticket. If women must hold anything in their mouths, we recommend them to hold their tongues.

THE MARRIED AND UNMARRIED AT NEWPORT.

A young married belle wore a white satin, very décolleté, with black velvet trimmings, and diamonds blazing on the low collar, the bare arms, and in her ears and hair.

Another of the young married belles was in a heavy China brocade white satin sprinkled with brilliant knots of flowers, worn over a silver tissue skirt, the corsage décolleté and sleeveless. This matter of the cut of the corsage distinguishes the married from the unmarried. The latter may be seen sleeves, but you may be sure that her neck is covered, while those married society belles exercise ingenuity in allowing a dress to be as décolleté as possible.—[Times Democrat.

John Black, Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best remedy I ever tried for headache and palpitation of the heart."

OUR JUVENILES.

Oh, a jolly old place in grandpa's barn, Where the doves stand open throughout the day, And the evening doves fly in and out, And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay.

Where the grain lies over the slippery floor, And the hens are busily looking around, And the chickens flock and peck and peck, And the broods flow through with a merry sound.

The quail's twitter and chirp all day, With fluttering wings, in the old brown eaves, And the robins sing in the trees which lean To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

To brush the roof with their rustling leaves, From their hidden treasures are fair to find.

Oh, the dear old barn, so cool, so wide! To the summer sunning, the new-mown hay, And the merry ring of the rustling song.

For grandpa's barn is the jolliest place For little and big on a summer day; And the old time, as the years pass by, Its memory never can stand away.

—Harper's Young Girls.

The Drummer-Boy.

Two cold December mornings about eighty years ago, a party of tourists were crossing the Alps—and a pretty large party, too, for there were several thousands of them together. Some were riding, some walking, and most of them had knapsacks on their shoulders, like many Alpine tourists nowadays.

But instead of walking-sticks they carried muskets and bayonets, and dragged along with them some fifty or sixty cannon.

In fact, these tourists were nothing less than a French army; and a very hard time of it they seemed to be having. Trying work, certainly, even for the strongest man, to wade for miles through knee-deep snow in this bitter frost and biting wind, along these narrow, slippery mountain paths, with prehistoric landmarks of best deep old snow. The soldiers looked thin and heavy-eyed for want of food and sleep, and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at every step.

But there was one among them who seemed quite to enjoy the rough marching, and tramped along through the deep snow and cold, gray mist, through which the great mountain peaks overhead loomed like shadowy giants, as merrily as if he were going to a picnic.

This was a little drummer-boy of 10 years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright and pretty among the grim, scathed visages of the old soldiers. When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and awoke all the echoes with the lively rattle of his drum, till it seemed as if the huge black rocks around were all singing in chorus.

"Bravo, Petit Tambour!" (little drummer) cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow every now and then to see how deep it was. "Bravo, Pierre, my boy! With such music as that one could march all the way to Moscow."

The boy smiled, and raised his hand to his cap in salute, for this rough-looking man was no other than the General himself. "Fighting Macdonald," one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment.

"Long live our General!" shouted a hoarse voice; and the cheer, flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains like a peal of distant thunder.

But the echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind—a strange, uneasy sort of whispering far away up the great white mountain-side. Moment by moment it grew louder and harsher, till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.

"On your faces, heels!" roared the General; "it's an avalanche!"

But, before his men had time to obey the rain was upon them. Down they tumbled the great mass of snow, and in the narrow ledge-path like a waterfall it crashed down along with it came heaps of stone and gravel and loose earth, and uprooted bushes and great blocks of solid blue ice. For a moment all was dark as night; and when the rush had past, many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried down over the precipice, and either killed or buried alive in the snow.

But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. When it was seen what had happened, one cry arose from every mouth:

"Where's our Pierre? Where's our little drummer?"

Where, indeed? Look which way they would, nothing was to be seen of their poor little favorite, and, when they shouted his name, there was no answer. Then there broke forth a terrible cry of grief, and many a hard old soldier, who had looked without flinching at a line of leveled muskets, felt the tears start into his eyes at the thought that that bright face would never be seen among them again.

But all at once, far below them, out of the shadow of the black, unknown gulf that lay beneath those tremendous rocks, arose the faint roll of a drum, beating the charge. The soldiers started, and bent eagerly forward to listen; then up went a shout that shook the air.

"He's alive, comrades! Our Pierre's alive, after all!"

"And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the last!"

"But we must save him, lads, or he'll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!"

"He shall be!" broke in a deep voice from behind, and the General himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak

and, with one voice: "You mustn't run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all of ours put together."

"My soldiers are my children," answered Macdonald quietly, "and no father grudges his own life to save his son."

The soldiers knew better than to make any more objections. They obeyed in silence, and the General was swinging in mid-air, down, down, down, till he vanished at last into the darkness of the cold black depth below.

Then every man drew a long breath, and all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign of his appearing; for they knew well that he would never come back without the boy, and that the chance was terribly against him.

Meanwhile Macdonald, having landed safely at the foot of the precipice, was looking anxiously round in search of Pierre; but the howling of the drum had ceased, and he had nothing to guide him.

"Pierre!" shouted he as loud as he could, "where are you, my boy?"

"Here, General," answered a weak voice, so faint that he could hardly distinguish it.

And there, sure enough, was the little fellow's curly head, half buried in a huge mound of snow, which alone had saved him from being dashed to pieces against the rocks as he fell. Macdonald made for him at once; and, although he sank waist-deep at every step, reached the spot at last.

"All right now, my brave boy," said the General, cheerily. "Put your arms round my neck, and hold tight; we'll have you out of this in a minute."

The child tried to obey, but his stiffened limbs had lost all their strength; and even when Macdonald himself clasped the tiny arms about his neck, his hold gave way directly.

What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing coils of that dismal place would make the rescue as powerless as him when he came to rescue. But Gen. Macdonald was not the man to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his sash, and knotting one end of it to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other, and then gave the signal to draw up.

QUEER SOCIETIES IN JAPAN.

Fashion has shown us some strange vagaries in Japan. First she fixed her attention on pigs, then on rabbits, then on roses, then on apes, and now she is all for societies. Some societies there are which, through good or ill report, have come to occupy a niche in the temple of notoriety, as for example, the Society of Protesters in Toza, the Society of Patriots in Osaka, the Society of Loyalists in Kaga, the Friendly Brothers of Tokio, etc. All these are intelligible, though sometimes not intelligent, associations, aiming at some utilitarian, philosophical or political good, but of late there have sprung up here and there strange brotherhoods with strange purposes and strange titles. Thus we have the Fall-Together Society and the Pauper Brotherhood of Tottori Prefecture, as well as the Seaweed Society of Wakayama, so called because its members-elect, for the sake of distinction or necessity, clothe themselves in vestments tattered like the "ragged wrack of the yeasty brew."

Quaintest and most melancholy of all, however, is the latest social exorcism of Kumamoto, the society of self-annihilation. The principles of its constitution are three: (1) That its members must have no private capital, floating or fixed; (2) that they must look to nothing but their own right arms to support and protect them; and (3) that they must be in session every day of the 365, the purposes of their session being to say what they please, eat and drink as much as they like, sleep when they fancy and concern themselves about nothing that does not affect them personally. Some suggest that this is a revival of the old Buddhist doctrine of practical Nirvana, but it seems very much more likely that these self-annihilators are disciples of Russian nihilism, and that they consist of youths formerly affiliated to the notorious "Breath of God Society," which gave the authorities so much trouble at the time of the Satsuma rebellion. The affluence of which these gentry borrowed their title was the tornado that shattered to pieces the great Chinese armada off the coast of Chinkien in the time of the Yuen Emperors. It was in fact a barbarian-overwhelming blast, and those who called themselves by its name were the head and front of the anti-foreign agitation. With them were associated the Household Divinity sect, who, as their name implies, were equally conservative. Little, if any, of this spirit now remains, and it would be extravagant to fancy that it has inspired the self-annihilators of Kumamoto. They do but represent one of those unhelpful phases into which the unemployed and almost-unemployed energy of the disinherited samurai was bound to drift. Let us hope that they will work no more evil than their title suggests.—[Japan Mail.

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles!

There is no better way to live healthily and happily than to cultivate a permanent wherein the most contradictory qualities and properties of the organism are perfectly counterbalanced and equibred.

Scotchman derives \$1,500,000 per annum as rental from sporting grounds. The Duke of Westminster pays \$10,000 for his trout.

STREET TALK.—"How much better you look, Mrs. H.?" "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure. I never felt so well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and it worth \$50 a bottle to any one that has the catarrh."

AN ACT

To take the sense of the people of this Commonwealth as to the propriety of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution, and to regulate the manner of taking the list of qualified voters.

CHAPTER 40.

Whereas, it is the sentiment of this General Assembly, and many good citizens of this Commonwealth, that experience has pointed out the necessity of calling a Convention with the view of amending the constitution of this State; therefore,

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:

1. That it shall be the duty of the sheriffs and other officers, at the next general election held for Representatives after the passage of this act, to open a poll for, and make a return to the Secretary of State for the time being of the names of all citizens entitled to vote for Representatives who have voted for calling a convention.

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